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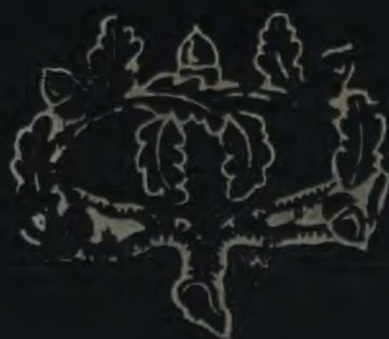
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PHYSICAL CULTURE *and* SELF DEFENSE



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ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

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**PHYSICAL CULTURE
AND
SELF-DEFENSE**



Robert Fitzsimmons

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND SELF-DEFENSE

BY
ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

CHAMPION MIDDLE-WEIGHT FIGHTER IN THE WORLD; CHAMPION
HEAVY-WEIGHT FIGHTER IN THE WORLD, 1897-1900;
INSTRUCTOR AND LECTURER IN PHYSICAL
CULTURE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE, F.R.C.S., F.R.M.S., F.G.S.A.
M.C.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM

WORKS BY ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

AND

GEORGE DAWSON

ORIGINAL INSTRUCTOR OF THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB



DREXEL BIDDLE, PUBLISHER

PHILADELPHIA
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1901
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DEDICATION

*To one whose beauty through each changing year is yet
unchanging,
And through whose eyes I have seen the light and the right.
My light when all else was darkness and uncertainty,
And whose companionship shone with a gentle lustre for
all that is good and bright.
That shines ever for me in the paths of truth and happiness:
My guiding star—My Wife.*

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Robert Fitzsimmons

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND SELF-DEFENSE

BY
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1884

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM
ROMAN BY ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

AND

GEORGE HAWSON

ARTIST, UNIVERSITY OF THE LONDON, LONDON, 1884



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PROVINCIAL
10, SOUTH FLEET ST.

DAY TRAINING

1884

1884



Robert F. Johnson

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND SELF-DEFENSE

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM

POSES BY ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

AND

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PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR OF THE CHICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB



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Robert Fitzsimmons

PHYSICAL CULTURE AND SELF-DEFENSE

BY
ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES
NAVY AND MARINE SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D.C.
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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TICKELL, BIDDLE, & FITZSIMMONS

NEW YORK: 100 NASSAU ST. 1898

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COMPARISON BETWEEN FITZ- SIMMONS AND JEFFRIES

| | FITZSIMMONS | JEFFRIES |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| Height . . . | 5 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins. | 6 ft. 1 in. |
| Weight . . . | 165 pounds. | 220 pounds. |
| Reach . . . | 75 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. | 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. |
| Neck . . . | 16 “ | 18 “ |
| Chest . . . | 44 “ | 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ |
| Chest expanded . . | 48 “ | 48 “ |
| Waist . . . | 38 “ | 35 “ |
| Hips . . . | 40 “ | 42 “ |
| Thigh . . . | 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ | 26 “ |
| Calf . . . | 14 “ | 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ |
| Wrist . . . | 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ | . . . |
| Forearm . . . | 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ “ | 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ |
| Biceps . . . | 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ “ | 16 “ |

It is not as difficult as it might seem to make a comparison of the respective fighting qualities of Robert Fitzsimmons and James J. Jeffries. The following brief summary of how these two great fighters have fared on different occasions against the same opponents will undoubtedly prove of especial interest at this time :

Fitzsimmons was defeated by Jeffries in eleven rounds. But Fitzsimmons has since

COMPARISON

fought two of his greatest fights, having knocked out Sharkey in two rounds, whereas, it took Jeffries twenty-five rounds to gain a decision over the sailor, whom he was not able to knock out even then. And Fitzsimmons knocked out Corbett in fourteen rounds, while it took Jeffries twenty-three rounds to accomplish this feat. On the other hand, Fitzsimmons knocked out Ruhlin in six rounds, while Jeffries forced Ruhlin to "quit" in the fifth round, though he did not knock him out.

From this brief summary the reader may deduce such facts as will enable him to determine between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries as to which is "the best man."



FITZSIMMONS



JEFFRIES

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INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH Robert Fitzsimmons, the greatest fighter the ring has ever had, is world famous in his public life, yet, strange to say, scarcely any but his intimate friends know the actual personality and character of this remarkable man. At his home and among his friends he bears no trace of the ring or of the fighter. A man of temperate habits, and who lives by strict rules for the moral and physical life, the only trait for which his worst enemy can criticise him is that of his unbounded generosity. But even here the harsh critic must pause, for Robert Fitzsimmons is possessed of the keenest powers of perception, and can discern between the worthy and the unworthy with almost unerring judgment.

An illustration of the unbounded generosity of this man may be found within the doors of his own home. There is an old gray-haired

INTRODUCTION

man who is introduced to every visitor at the Fitzsimmons residence as Dr. John Lapraik. The history of Dr. Lapraik's presence here is kept generally as a secret by the modest Fitzsimmons himself. The true situation I discovered only by accident. This old man was the "boss" of the blacksmith shop in which Fitzsimmons was foreman for years out in Australia. He is a guest at the Fitzsimmons house—for life if he desires. Fitzsimmons recently heard that John Lapraik was living in straitened circumstances in a town far removed from New York. He learned of the matter in a roundabout fashion, as the old Doctor, a veterinary surgeon by profession, was too proud to let his friend of Australian days know of his poverty or whereabouts. But immediately that Fitzsimmons heard of his friend's distress, he sent the following brief and characteristic note to his fellow-workman of long ago :

"I am on easy street now, old boy. Come and live with me and take a rest in your old age.

"ROBERT FITZSIMMONS."

Everything is arranged for the Doctor's comfort, and in the cellar there is a workshop

INTRODUCTION

fitted out for his especial benefit. There John Lapraik mixes his medicines and tinkers about in blissful enjoyment day after day. It is interesting to hear him tell of the way in which his foreman would ask for a half-holiday when he was going to an encounter out in Australia. Dr. Lapraik smiles when he says that the fighter used to deny he was the Bob Fitzsimmons the papers were talking about, for fear of losing his position in the horseshoeing business.

When Admiral Dewey received his great ovation in New York he passed beneath the beautiful "Dewey Arch." There a statue, eighteen feet high, representing "Peace," looked down upon the triumphant Admiral. This statue was modelled by the New York sculptor D. C. French from Robert Fitzsimmons.

With Fitzsimmons, his private life and his professional career are absolutely distinct, and his intimate personal friends are one and all from among the worthy class of people—business men, actors, statesmen, authors, and artists. This man, the coolest and bravest fighter that ever entered a ring, is possessed of an uncommonly even temperament. What-

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ever his small or great disappointments, or the state of his feelings may be, his nearest associates see none other than the sunny side of his disposition. When he is really "out of sorts," or nervous, or upset, like other men, is never known: he is a man of iron will, and can conceal any gloom that he may feel with such perfect ease and under so sunshiny a manner that not even his intimates can know his inward thought. But this is the only deception of which Fitzsimmons is guilty of practising. He is straightforward and frank to a degree rarely found in even the best of heroes outside of fiction.

Those who would know Robert Fitzsimmons as a prize-fighter in private life will be doomed to disappointment. When this man leaves training or the ring all vestige of the pugilist departs from him. He is a law-abiding, God-fearing man, a good citizen, and a model husband and father. In the privacy of his beautiful home at Bensonhurst one finds the true Robert Fitzsimmons. There, in a great house set in the midst of shaded lawns and garden, he spends the happiest times of his life. He wants no other company than that of

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his loving wife and children. His friends are at all times welcome, and spare-rooms stand ready for them. Distinguished courtesy and hospitality are characteristics of both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons. A more devoted couple it would be hard to find. It was Mrs. Fitzsimmons' wish that her husband should leave the ring, and he has done so. There is not a trace of the pugilist at the home of Robert Fitzsimmons. No athletic apparatus of any kind, not even a punching-bag, is to be found on the premises. His training has always been done away from his residence, as another man would do business at his office.

There are those who condemn or honor a man on account of his calling. They are the narrow-minded or superficially critical who condemn or praise alike without investigation of a man's personality or private character. While all deceitful callings are contemptible, the vocation of the prize-fighter is at least a manly one. He is rarely matched against inferior weight or size, and constantly undergoes supreme tests for bravery and patience, and even magnanimity. It is often the case that a fighter, seeing victory well assured,

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refrains from further beating a weakened opponent who has fought most roughly. Very often, indeed, does the boxer, well assured of victory, implore the referee to interfere and thus save his adversary from further punishment.

Many pugilists must support their wives and families by the proceeds of their calling, so that fighting is a business, and not a cause for "bad blood" with them. As a matter of fact, there is much less "bad blood" in professional than in amateur boxing. Though the writer does not personally uphold or advocate the profession of pugilism, he merely wishes to prove that it is not entirely condemnable, and that it is in fact possible to find some good in it. That a pugilistic encounter is utterly brutal is an erroneous view, for men in such fine physical training as pugilists cannot receive much injury beyond a few scratches or skin bruises at worst from padded gloves.

As for amateur boxing—is it not a fine, manly sight to witness two young men, strong in friendship and mutual high regard, and both skilled in the art of self-defense, engaged in a boxing match together? With bodies grace-

INTRODUCTION

fully poised, heads erect, and cheeks flushed in pleasurable excitement, they narrowly watch each other's every movement, and weave in and out, one about the other, hitting, parrying, dodging, and side-stepping with lightning-like rapidity. If one chances to fall, his friend does not smile victoriously, but rather looks anxiously for the fallen to rise unhurt, in order that he may thus see no harm was done, and also that the sport may continue.

Eyeing one another earnestly, though in absolute friendliness, each is almost as pleased when the other makes a clever hit as he is when the cleverness is his own. A word of congratulation is often spoken at such a moment. At the end of the "bout" the boxers shake hands, better friends than ever. They look into one another's eyes and agree that they had a fine "set-to"—they are pleased with themselves and with each other. Is not such a meeting of friends warranted to test their true mettle?

For years boxing was under a cloud of official disapproval in the English army; now it is the predominating sport. At a time when the feeling against boxing ran high, a famous

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British general was persuaded, much against his will, to witness a glove contest. This same general had always been one of the most active spirits in opposing the sport, and his opinion was law in the army. But after he had witnessed the contest he addressed the assembled throng ere they departed. He said he had changed his views completely, and considered the exhibition he had seen as manly and praiseworthy in every particular; that he would henceforward withdraw all opposition to the sport, and, moreover, he hoped boxing would so grow in favor that ere long every English soldier would have become a boxer.

In his most recent victories Fitzsimmons has done more for the cause of scientific boxing, the manly art of self-defense, than any other person has ever accomplished. He has defeated decisively, one after the other, two of the greatest pugilists the world has ever seen—Augustus Ruhlin and Thomas Sharkey, two great, powerful fellows, each many pounds larger and many years younger than Fitzsimmons.

And how did this most wonderful of fighters accomplish his victories? Not by running away

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and tiring his opponents, nor yet by landing chance blows or by good-luck. He stood right up to each of them and exchanged blows until they fell. But his blows were the more scientific, as was his defense ; and thus by his victories he clearly proved that superior science is more than a match for superior size and strength, even with youth to back such desirable qualities. Though a word must be said about Fitzsimmons' physique, for he is, indeed, a man of iron.

It is an acknowledged fact among famous athletes, trainers, and doctors who have known Robert Fitzsimmons, that he has upset more of their theories and done more to revise and better the rules for training and for the care of the health than any other living man. His thorough scientific knowledge of anatomy and of medicine is uniquely accurate.

It is also interesting to know how certain famous trainers have stated that Fitzsimmons is the easiest man to put into condition they ever handled. In fact, they acknowledge that his rules for living are such that "he is always 'fit' and ready." They say they have learned more in the true art of physical culture

INTRODUCTION

from him than they could ever show him, although his theories were often the reverse of theirs.

An illustration of this remarkable state of affairs may be found in an account by Mr. Frederick Bogan, the crack California feather-weight. Mr. Bogan was recently quoted as telling of his acquaintance with Fitzsimmons during the first few weeks after the latter's arrival in this country from Australia, in 1890. His account as given ran as follows:

"Fitzsimmons worked along with us for several days, but we paid little attention to him, except that we smiled at his peculiar ideas about training. When we put on heavy sweaters in the morning for a run he would go out and take a slow walk, and we came to the conclusion that it was because he could not run a long distance.

"One day Choynski suggested that we invite him out for a run to try to kill him off. Much to our surprise he accepted the offer, and away we started. Our idea was to carry him at a rapid gait to the sea-beach, six miles away, and then back at our very best and make him cry enough.

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"Choynski and I would take turn about setting the pace, and we were beginning to feel the effects of the rapid gait long before we had reached the ocean. I kept watching Fitzsimmons' face, expecting to see signs of distress, but instead there was that same steady expression of satisfaction and absolutely no rapid breathing. Choynski noticed it, too, and I could tell that he also was perplexed; but neither of us had wind enough to talk, and away we jogged through the sand-hills down to the sea and right back on the return journey.

"On the way Fitzsimmons kept asking questions in regard to the scenery, but the answers he got were jerky and few. He was beyond any doubt tireless, and his long legs strode faster and faster. He was now setting the pace with Choynski, and I was ready to drop, but too proud to quit. We were never so glad to see anything in our lives as when the Cliff House burst upon us at a turn of the road. While we were being rubbed down the Australian coolly wiped himself off with a towel and remarked that the pace had been 'bloomin' fast.'

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"After dinner we were frisking around lazily in the gymnasium when Fitzsimmons proposed to Choynski that they don the gloves. The latter assented and they started off. Choynski was then in his prime. He was a clever, hard hitter and weighed about one hundred and sixty-five pounds in good condition. That day Fitzsimmons tipped the beam at one hundred and forty-seven pounds. I never saw a prettier bout in all my life."

Shortly after this the Australian went to New Orleans, where his victories over Arthur Upham, Dempsey, Maher, Jim Hall and others in rapid succession and his acquisition and loss of the world's championship have made his name famous throughout the world.

One of the greatest fighters that Fitzsimmons ever encountered was Jack Dempsey, the old-time peerless champion middle-weight of the world. Dempsey was at the height of his career when he met his defeat at the hands of Fitzsimmons. On the night of the great fight McCauliffe accompanied Dempsey into the ring, and it is said by the spectators who were then present that there was never a more superb looking pair of athletes than these men.

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Fitzsimmons appeared in a long, loose bathrobe, which accentuated his gaunt appearance, and as he took his seat across the ring McCauliffe and Dempsey regarded him commiseratingly, for his spindly legs could be seen as far as the knees, and he did not look as though he weighed more than a hundred pounds. Dempsey expressed sincere pity for this poor, thin man—he had never seen him in his life before—but when Fitzsimmons removed his wrapper and his gigantic chest and shoulders loomed up, Dempsey looked aghast.

The famous artist Mr. Homer Davenport, who was present at the time, says that Fitzsimmons stood high above Dempsey as the two fighters met and shook hands in the centre of the ring, and that Dempsey's attitude changed, not to one of fear, for he was a brave man, but rather to one of desperate determination. The lines of his face became drawn, and he entered the combat with all his old-time, fine style. Fitzsimmons, however, gave him no opportunity of squaring off and getting his distance, but rushed at him and pinned him repeatedly with terrific force. As the fight proceeded, round by round, Dempsey grew so weak that

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at times he begged Fitzsimmons not to fight so fast. Here the Australian showed great gallantry, for he stopped his rushing tactics and squared off until Dempsey regained his breath and balance. So often did Fitzsimmons do this that his manager, Carroll, became disgusted and rated him severely. On one occasion when Fitzsimmons had driven Dempsey to the floor, and the latter, unable to rise, clung to Fitzsimmons' knees and implored the Australian to help him to his feet, Fitzsimmons leaned over and placed Dempsey upright, and then waited for some time until he was ready to continue. It was almost the end of the battle when Dempsey fell to the floor, apparently insensible, from a terrible blow of the Australian's. He lay still until the ninth second had been counted, when he suddenly struggled to his feet and struck that graceful attitude for which he was famous. He stood rigid, and resembled a bronze statue. The public rose and cheered him to the echo, and Fitzsimmons stood off looking at him in admiration. But a few moments later he fell and was counted out, and Fitzsimmons was proclaimed middle-weight champion of the world.



BREATHING EXERCISE—SHOWING FIRST POSITION
Fill the lungs ; then draw in abdomen, and prepare to lift joined
hands above the head



BREATHING EXERCISE, SECOND POSITION.—FORCE AIR IN
LUNGS BY PRESSING OUT ABDOMEN

PHYSICAL CULTURE

modern athletic times to turn boys and girls loose in gymnasiums and allow them to exercise without any competent director. As a consequence, many a boy makes impossible the very thing he aims to attain—a fine physique. He develops some part of his body disproportionately to the rest, and becomes muscle-bound before he reaches manhood, or he subjects his immature body to some violent exertion that results in a strain from which he may never fully recover.

Do not think that you must have dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, or pulley weights to get strong. Let every boy remember, for this should appeal especially to boys, that some of the strongest men in the world have developed their great physical power without the aid of gymnastic paraphernalia of any kind, but simply by such simple exercises as I will explain.

Some years ago such a man rode from New York to Chicago on a bicycle. He took the ride merely for pleasure, and had no reputation as a cyclist, yet so great was his strength and endurance—gained by simple exercises—that he broke the record then existing for the journey.

SCHOOL-ROOM EXERCISES

Let every boy who reads this try the exercises here elucidated, and he will feel that they are doing him good. He will secure an erect, easy, graceful carriage, cover his body with firm, pliable muscles, and prepare himself for the hard training necessary for the violent exercise of boxing and most vigorous outdoor sports.

How to Stand. Stand up against a wall with your arms by your sides, your heels, shoulders, and head touching the wall. Draw in your abdomen. Hold your head erect, with the chin well in, so that when you look straight ahead your glance strikes the floor about fifteen or twenty feet in front of you. Take several steps forward and stand with your heels together. You are now ready for the first exercise.

Exercise 1. Lift your arms until they make a horizontal line with your shoulder. Then bring them forward in front, reaching out as far as you can so as to pull your shoulders forward, but holding the rest of the body rigid. Next spread back your arms with a slow, gentle motion as far as you can—do not let them drop down any—at the same time

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filling your lungs as full of air as possible. Do this ten times. Then drop your arms to your sides.

Exercise 2. Lift your arms outward with an easy, gentle motion up above your head, reaching as high as you can, but keeping your heels on the floor. Then lower them again gently to the first position. Do this ten times. In lifting your arms inhale, and in lowering exhale.

In both these exercises be careful that you breathe as directed, and hold your body, except the arms and shoulders, as in the standing position. These exercises will develop the muscles of your back, chest, and shoulders, and will increase your lung capacity greatly in a short time.

Exercise 3. Place the hands on the hips. Bend to the right as far as possible; then bend back again and to the left as far as you can. Do this twenty times. Do not move by jerks, but smoothly and not too fast.

Exercise 4. Bend forward as far as you can, and then backward as far as you can, with a gentle, even motion. Do this twenty times.

SCHOOL-ROOM EXERCISES

In both these exercises care must be taken not to bend the knees. Breathe naturally. Keep the lower part of the body as near as possible in the standing position. These exercises are for the waist muscles. Exercise 3 develops the muscles of the side and loins, and Exercise 4 is one of the best exercises for the back, the muscles along the back of the legs, and especially the abdominal muscles, which are among the most important to an athlete and a strong man.

Remember particularly that the number of times you do the exercises is not so important as faithful regularity, and the way in which you do them. Start easily, and gradually increase the number you do of each. You will soon acquire a surprising endurance, as you may easily prove by getting some companion to follow you through the exercises. He may be strong, and, perhaps, something of an athlete, but unless he is exceptionally well developed he will certainly show signs of fatigue and may have to stop before you begin to tire.

CHAPTER III

HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT

A Simple Diet and Easy Indoor Exercise Without Dumb-bells or Indian-clubs

HERE is some advice for the business man, the lawyer, doctor, broker, clerk, salesman: any man, in fact, who is kept indoors much of the time.

Most men of this class take on weight. They become big and fat: uncomfortably so.

This advice will show them how they can keep in fairly good trim, notwithstanding the fact that they have practically no available time at their disposal for exercise of any description.

Take the business man who, having reached middle-age, is beginning to get stout. Owing to this increase in weight he begins to have aches and pains. His muscles are not trained to support the extra weight which he is taking on.

Here is your diet, and you must adhere to it if you want to obtain proper results.

HOW TO REDUCE WEIGHT

Abstain from the use of all fatty and starchy food. Eat all kinds of meat except pork. Eat all varieties of green vegetables, fruits, and dry toast, and drink your tea without sugar. Do not eat potatoes, butter, fresh bread, or sugar.

There is the diet: now for the exercises. They are not difficult, and I will give you only two movements.

In the first, you must lie flat on your back and then raise your legs up together so they will be at right angles with your body; then slowly let them down to the floor. Do this twenty times each morning and evening.

In the second movement you must lie down on your stomach. When in this position place your hands on the floor near your chest, and, without bending the body, push yourself slowly up to the full length of your arms. Do this ten times each morning and evening.

Above all things you must be regular, and do not look for too speedy results.

You cannot hope to stick to this diet and these exercises for two or three mornings and then jump on the scales and find that you have dropped five or ten pounds.

It will be at least two or three weeks before

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you commence to lose weight. Then you will drop from two to five pounds a week.

You must impress it upon your mind, however, that there must be no weakening on the tasks that you have laid down for yourself.

Some cold mornings you will get up, possibly after a hard night, feeling languid and unrefreshed. Instead of taking your cold bath, rub-down, and exercises, you may be tempted to say, "Oh! I'll just skip it this once, and jump into my clothes."

Such weakness is fatal.

Persevere!

CHAPTER IV

A CHAPTER FOR WOMEN—TO GAIN BEAUTY WITH STRENGTH

Muscle Building Will Bring Charms that the Toilet Table Can Never Furnish

MUSCLE building brings beauty to woman. This brief statement is sufficient, I think, to make many women embark upon a physical development course. What will woman not do to become beautiful? They—some of them, at least—powder and paint, and bleach their hair, and do all kinds of other foolish things in an attempt to improve their appearance.

If they but knew what a routine of daily, healthful exercise would do for them they would soon forsake their toilet tables for the gymnasium.

There is nothing in this world more lovely than a beautiful woman. There is nothing more pleasing to the eye than a browned, rosy-cheeked, full-chested, straight-backed woman. Let her be all these and she is certainly queen.

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A Woman that Excites Pity

When I see a poor, pale, narrow-chested, weak woman, with her waist drawn up so tight that it is impossible for her to take a deep, full breath—the kind that puts health and strength into the human body—my heart fairly bleeds for her.

My wife having at one time been an athlete, I am in a position to know just what is beneficial and what is not for the average woman.

In the first place, a woman should dress so that there will be plenty of room for the lungs to have full play. Ninety-nine per cent. of them are dressed so that it is impossible for them to take a good, deep breath. They breathe up in their chests only. Consequently, they are short-winded.

Then, again, the average woman seldom gives a thought to the idea of daily exercising. She seldom walks unless she is compelled to. She shuts herself up in a hot, stuffy room, eats improperly, and then wonders that she is subject to so many complaints.

TO GAIN BEAUTY WITH STRENGTH

Golf's Many Advantages

I must say that in the past few years there has been a big change in the mode of living adopted by women.

The game of golf has been responsible for this to a large degree, and I cannot say too much for it as a means of exercise for women. It provides just the kind of outdoor life that they need. It takes them out into the sun and makes them brown and healthy looking. It fills their lungs full of pure, fresh air, while the continual walking and swinging of the clubs supplies exercise for the entire body.

Women, play golf!

Of course, you can overdo it. Women differ so much in their physical make-up that what is medicine for one is poison for another. For this reason a woman should carefully guard her strength.

Do not overtax yourself. Go about your sports and your walks with moderation. Too much exercise is worse than not enough. You can easily find out just what you are capable of enduring, and then shape your work and play to suit your strength.

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Do Not Be a Physical Freak

What I want most of all to impress upon women is not to try to make physical freaks of themselves.

A woman cannot stand too much training in any one direction at the expense of the rest of her body as well as a man can. Her physical make-up is not constructed for it. For this reason she should try to divide her exercises as evenly as possible.

A woman who can row, ride a wheel and a horse, swim, shoot, play tennis and golf, all moderately well, and not try to overtax her strength in any one branch, is the woman who will be strong and healthy.

She does not lace herself too tight; she glories in the pure air and delights to throw out her shoulders and drink in long, deep mouthfuls of it, and she nurses her strength as carefully as does the trained athlete.

This is the woman whom it is a joy to see. This is the woman who is queen.

CHAPTER V

ADVICE TO PARENTS FOR THE HEALTH AND REARING OF THEIR CHILDREN.

“How can I train my child so he will grow up to be an athlete?”

This is a question which I am asked constantly. At the outset I want to say to both fathers and mothers who put this question to me—Don't.

By this don't I mean do not start out with the idea that you want to make an athlete of your boy.

Just so sure as this plan is pursued you will overwork him in his tender years and end by sending him to an early grave.

But do start out to make of him a big, strong, healthy child who will grow into a fine, manly man, and his athletic bent will follow in the natural course of events.

Too much training for the young bones and muscles is far more harmful than too little.

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If a child gets no exercises for the muscles there is a chance for him to make up for this neglect when he grows up. If he gets too much, and his weak little muscles are strained and his supple bones warped, he can never fully recover.

Double Strain Weakens

It must be remembered that a child's brain is growing even more rapidly than its body. This is a strain on its system, but a certain amount of healthy exercise will help it to stand this strain. Too much exercise will add to the strain. This double strain will end by weakening the entire system.

There is nothing that can be so easily trained as the muscles of a child. The muscles and bones are both soft and pliable. They can be moulded like so much putty. See that they are moulded the right way.

There is not a day passes that I do not have a romp with my little son. I also put him through a regular, daily course of exercise. I instruct him in gymnastic movements that will tend to make him supple in every joint. At the same time the tiny muscles are slowly

ADVICE TO PARENTS IN REARING CHILDREN

but surely building up on his little limbs and body. That is the way they should be formed—slowly—almost as slowly as the wearing away of a rock by the waves of the ocean.

Do Not Start Too Soon

Another point which should be carefully followed is not to start too early to train your children. Just so sure as you do you will put some strain upon them that their young bodies cannot endure. And then they are permanently incapacitated. All the bright hopes of making a man among men of your boy are spoiled by undue haste to make a youthful wonder of him.

When your boys, and your girls, too, for that matter, are just able to toddle around, the best thing you can do is to see that they are kept outdoors as much as possible.

Children cannot get too much fresh air.

Get them up early in the morning and send them out into the fresh air. Even if you live in the city, keep them outdoors when the weather permits.

Better to have them dirty and healthy than clean and sickly.

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When to Use Gymnastics.

Follow the foregoing plan, and then when you think that the children are able to stand a certain amount of simple exercise commence to put them through their gymnastics every morning and night.

They will grow strong: they cannot help it if you will follow the above rules.

Bear in mind that your children must have plenty of fresh air, and moderate, regular exercise, and they will grow up to be men and women of whom you may be proud.

CHAPTER VI

TO PROSPECTIVE ATHLETES

THE great secret of proper training for all kinds of athletic feats is to use common-sense. This is the keynote of success for all athletes.

Common-sense in eating, common-sense in exercising, common-sense in sleeping, all form a combination that brings one to success.

One thing that I want to impress upon the young athlete is not to overtax himself at the outset. This mistake has been the undoing of many a youth who would have developed into a big, strong athlete if he had not started with wrong ideas of how to train.

Different people need different work. A frail, delicate boy cannot stand as vigorous work at first as a big, lusty chap; and yet the little one has just as much chance as the big one if he only goes about things in the proper manner.

Good health is the first essential of an athlete. If one is not healthy then he must

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endeavor to build himself up in this direction before starting on any course of physical exercise.

This can be done only by laying down certain rules and following them strictly. These rules are very simple.

Six Rules for Young Athletes

Do not drink.

Do not smoke.

Do not chew.

Get all the sleep you can.

Get all the pure, fresh air you can.

Eat plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it.

Adhere to these rules, and gradually, but surely, you will find yourself becoming stronger and stronger. Finally, the day will come when you will never know a sick moment. Then is the time to commence your exercising. At this stage another duty presents itself.

Find Your Weak Points

You must find out your weakest physical points. These must be built up so that they will correspond with the rest of your body.

TO PROSPECTIVE ATHLETES

If your back is weak it must be strengthened; if your arms, your legs, or your chest are weak you must pay particular attention to these parts until you feel that they are as strong as the rest of your body. After this has been accomplished you are fairly upon the road to the making of a "perfect physical man." Now comes the daily routine of regular training; do not forget that this routine must never be overdone. It is just as harmful to overtrain, in fact more harmful, than it is not to train at all.

You may easily ascertain just how much exercise your system can stand. Then regulate your work accordingly. Gradually, not all at once, must you work your system up to the point where it is capable of standing the strain which you desire to place upon it.

How to Train

If you are training to be a runner, you must strengthen your legs and thighs. You must also see that your wind is good. If you want to wrestle, you must have good, strong back, chest, and neck muscles, as well as strong arms and legs. This is also the case with a boxer. Every one of his muscles must be well devel-

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oped. In addition to all this, he must learn to be quick—quick on his feet and quick with his hands and arms. Different forms of athletics require entirely different styles of training. Some do not require as much headwork as others. Perhaps the boxer has more need for clear, cool headwork than any other kind of an athlete. He has so many lessons to learn before he can be rated as even a fair boxer that it takes a long while to reach any sort of perfection. He has not only his body and muscles to build up, but his brain must be properly trained. All of this takes time, and can be done only by long, careful, systematic and faithful training and muscle building.

One thing that I want particularly to impress upon the young athlete is the priceless value of a good home and pleasant home surroundings. Some boys and young men have an idea that an athlete must be "tough." This is all wrong, and it has been proved time and again that the athlete, whether a runner, wrestler, boxer, or anything else, can best fit himself for manly sports if he leads a clean, wholesome, good life. And this can best be found amid pleasant home surroundings.

PART II
SELF-DEFENSE

CHAPTER VII

FIRST LESSON IN BOXING

Cool Head and Good Temper Essential to Success

BOXING is one of the best exercises that a young man can take up. The art of self-defense, as it is called, brings into play so many qualities and helps to develop so many traits of character which figure in one's daily life that it furnishes quite a moral training in itself.

An even, peaceable temperament is developed by boxing; patience is taught by the same means. A cool, clear head in moments of danger and confusion is always found in the man who knows how to use his fists for pleasure or protection, as the case may be.

In boxing, as in everything else, there is a right and a wrong way. It is a long road to travel before one can be called even a fairly good boxer. At the start, however, it is a good plan to memorize certain rules which must be strictly followed.

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Three Cardinal Rules

Keep cool.

Do not get "rattled."

Do not lose your temper.

The mastery of these three rules is of more consequence than the learning of the many blows and guards which in time become the property of a boxer. The blows are learned naturally. It is not everyone, however, who realizes the importance of mastering the three rules which I have laid down. It can easily be seen of how much importance they are.

If a person is cool and good-natured when boxing he has an advantage at once over one who loses his head, gets angry, and rushes headlong into danger. If you are boxing for exercise and pleasure a cool, clear head will help you to see every opening which your opponent offers.

Keep Your Temper

Do not get excited, and you will not lose a single chance of scoring a point. At the same time, you are good-natured and ready to laugh at any hard knocks you may receive yourself.

FIRST LESSON IN BOXING

All this is training for the moment of real danger.

You may be attacked in the street by footpads. They intend to rob you, and you may be in a lonely, dark locality. Of course, their first efforts are directed to rendering you helpless. Now, take the man who does not know how to box, who has never been drilled to keep cool and calm in moments of danger. What happens to him? He is probably found lying in the gutter in the gray light of early morning, his pockets rifled, and with possibly a fractured skull.

Ruffians His Foes

Then look at the man who as a boy learned to protect himself, who knows the science of self-protection, and who can stand firm and true before a couple of fast-flying fists.

He is probably pitted against a couple of burly, clumsy, cowardly ruffians. They come at him with murder in their hearts. Does he lose his self-possession? On the contrary, he waits for the attack, selects the toughest-looking one, with the idea of getting him out of the way first; measures his man carefully and then sends in a well-directed blow, right

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or left as the case may be. Ten to one Mr. Ruffian goes down. That leaves ample time to vanquish footpad No. 2.

This is only one picture to illustrate the great advantage of a knowledge of the art of self-defense and the qualities which go with it. A thousand instances might be quoted where the qualities which saved this man from the footpads would come into play.

Learn to Box

Therefore, I say everyone should learn to box ; let all parents encourage their boys to learn to protect themselves with their fists. It does not make ruffians of them ; it does not teach them to be vicious ; it does not turn them into bullies. But it does make of them manly, upright, self-possessed, clear-headed men.

They know their power and can afford to be merciful ; they are cool, and therefore do not fear danger ; they are mild-tempered, and therefore lovable. When they are right, they advance with a determination which brooks no obstacle ; when they are wrong, they hold their peace. Learn to box : but be sure you learn the right way.



A LESSON IN STREET DEFENSE, No. 1.—AN OPPONENT THREATENS
TO START A FIGHT WITH ME



A LESSON IN STREET DEFENSE, No. 2.—I GRASP HIS COAT BY
THE COLLAR, WHIP IT DOWN OVER HIS BACK AND ARMS,
THUS LEAVING HIM POWERLESS



A LESSON IN STREET DEFENSE, NO. 3.—HE IS NOW AT MY MERCY



THE WRONG POSITION IN BOXING



THE RIGHT POSITION IN BOXING



STEPPING BACK WITH THE LEFT FOOT -THE INCORRECT
RETREAT



STEPPING BACK WITH THE RIGHT FOOT—THE CORRECT
RETREAT

CHAPTER VIII

RIGHT AND WRONG KINDS OF MUSCLES CONTRASTED

Soft and Supple Muscles the Kind that Give Athletes Speed, Strength, and Lasting Power

A PROFESSIONAL strong man came into my gymnasium one day, and said, "I would like to be a boxer."

"A boxer, eh?" I replied. "What makes you think you would make a good boxer?"

"Why, I am as strong as a lion. Just come in here and I will show you."

And then this strong man went into my gymnasium and took the heavy weights and the heavy punching-bag and tossed them around like feathers. In a moment he was puffing and blowing like a porpoise, but he stepped back and looked at me with a smile. He certainly was a picture of strength. The

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muscles stood out all over his body in big knots. From head to foot he was one mass of knotty, protruding cords.

"How is that for a starter?" he said.

I did not say a word. His ignorance was pitiful to me. Walking over to one side of the room, I took a set of boxing gloves from the wall and handed him a pair. Following my lead he put them on.

It took me about two minutes to show that man how useless, unwieldy, and impracticable his muscles were. He handled himself like a cart-horse. He was as slow on his feet as a messenger boy. His brain acted as did his muscles, slowly and stiffly. Although a big man, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, he did not make as good a showing with me as many amateur light-weights with whom I had put on the gloves.

I think I showed him clearly the uselessness of his heavy weight-lifting muscles. They were good for one thing—the service for which they had been trained.

Like every athlete in his profession he was muscle-bound. Those huge masses of muscle, gained at the expense of many hours of hard

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MUSCLES CONTRASTED

work, were for all practical purposes of no more use than a hand-organ would be to a shipwrecked sailor on a raft in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

In fact, such muscles serve to help shorten one's life. The muscle-bound man, with every fibre of his body drawn to a tension that pulls at the very heartstrings, most frequently dies with what is known as an "athlete's heart."

A muscle-bound man is worse than a skin-bound horse. He is as awkward and ungainly as a crocodile would be in a ballroom. Take him away from his chosen profession and he is all at sea. He is a frightful object lesson against the use of heavy dumb-bells, or heavy weights of any kind.

The man or boy who wants to become quick, strong, and clever must avoid the use of heavy weights as carefully as though they were poisonous snakes. They completely destroy all that suppleness and agility which mark every detail of the clever athlete's work.

A man who is a runner, jumper, boxer—in fact, anything except a heavy-weight lifter—can have no use for knotty, unwieldy masses of strength.

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Even our best wrestlers nowadays recognize the fact that muscles of that kind are of no use to them. They know that there are right and wrong muscles just as well as they know there is a right and wrong way to wrestle. They know that such muscles bring them premature old age and early death.

Thus it is that every ambitious young athlete should strive to train his muscles in the proper way. Light dumb-bells, Indian-clubs, and other muscle building weights should never be forsaken.

Do not use heavy weights.

Do not exercise too much.

CHAPTER IX

BAG PUNCHING

Do you want to become an expert bag puncher?

Yes? Well, there is nothing easier. There is not an art or athletic exercise that can be acquired so readily. You have to impress but one thing upon your mind—that is, that there can be absolutely no limit to the amount of practice that you must take.

The merest novice can, by constant work, become a bag puncher of no mean ability in a surprisingly short space of time.

That is encouraging, is it not?

Another advantage that the exercise has is that it does not cost very much to rig up a platform and bag. Any boy can make a platform and fasten it to the ceiling of his woodshed, attic, or cellar. Then he can save up his pennies until he gets two or three dollars. That will not buy the best punching-bag in the world, but it will buy one that will answer his purpose.

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Have your platform about two feet above your head. Let the ball hang on a level with the bottom, and just about on a level with, or a little bit above, your shoulders.

It is best when punching the ball to stand on the bare floor, not on a mat, as you are apt to become sluggish in your foot-work if you adopt the latter course.

Wear regular gymnasium shoes, and the less clothes you have on the better. It will give you more freedom of movement.

Put on small gloves. If you cannot get what are known as "punching-bag" gloves, take an old pair of kid gloves. Cut the ends of the fingers off if you wish, as the glove is worn simply to protect the knuckles and to give compactness to the hand.

As to the different movements and blows, it would take up too much space to go into details. And, again, it is hardly necessary. Get the bag and you will soon teach yourself how to do the punching.

At first you must be careful not to get hit by the ball when it rebounds from the platform after you strike it. This is only a preliminary danger, however. You will soon become too



PUNCHING THE BAG. IN A POSITION TO DELIVER LEFT



PUNCHING THE BAG

BAG PUNCHING

light on your feet and expert at dodging with your head to be in danger from this source.

Learn your straight blows, right from the shoulder, and the full swings first. Then gradually, after you have become fast and clever, learn the fancy movements.

Practice just as much as you possibly can. That is, first and last, your most important lesson.

CHAPTER X

RIGHT AND WRONG WAY OF USING THE FEET AND HANDS WHILE SPARRING—WHAT THE EXERCISE DEVELOPS

EVERYONE should learn to box. It is as necessary to a physical education as swimming.

A boy should be able to defend himself at all times from the attack of a bully or a ruffian, and there is no manlier way to do it than with his fists. In civilized localities it is only the coward who carries a knife or a pistol.

President Roosevelt taught his boys to box. Most of the prominent men of the country, those who have made its history, learned to box when they were lads.

As a health-giving exercise boxing has no equal. It develops all the large and important muscles of the body, legs and arms, and strengthens the lungs and quickens the eye.

It gives a boy courage in the face of danger. It makes him calm and cool and never in a hurry to seek a quarrel, because the knowledge

USE OF THE HANDS AND FEET IN SPARRING

that he can take care of himself renders him good-natured at affronts which would wound his pride were he unable to resent them.

Easy to Learn

Anybody can learn to box. But he must not think he will be a Terry McGovern the first time he puts on boxing gloves. It took little Terry a few years to be the great fighter he is now. He had to learn.

You can learn, too, if you will do as I tell you. You will not need a man who teaches boxing to show you the "blows" and "stops" if you read these lessons with care and do not try to do too much at the commencement.

The first thing to learn is the right way to use your feet. Almost as much depends on the way the feet and legs are used as on the hands and arms. The legs support and back up the arms when a blow is struck and also when a blow is stopped.

The First Lesson

For your first lesson in boxing do not think of your hands. Jump about on your toes

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as if you were dancing a hornpipe. Bend the knees and straighten them again. Spring from one foot to the other, forward and backward. Bring the left foot forward with a spring from the toe of the right, and do the same with the right foot forward. All this will make you quick and shifty on your feet, which is a most important requirement in a good boxer

When you can jump about like this for fifteen minutes at a time without getting tired or losing your wind, and if you do it quickly you will find that it is not so easy as you think, it will be time to learn the way to stand when boxing. Of course, you never stand still. You should always keep your legs moving.

Distance of the Feet

Do not keep the feet too close together or too far apart. If they are too close you do not have a solid stand and are easily knocked down. If they are spread too far you will not be able to quickly change their position, and that you must be able to do to land a good blow.

Put the left foot forward in a straight line from the body. Bend the knee slightly and

USE OF THE HANDS AND FEET IN SPARRING

rest the foot on the toe. Have the weight of the body on the right foot, with the toe turned a little outward. Have this foot flat on the floor.

Never stand stiffly. Keep shifting about, but do not change this general position unless certain blows are to be struck. I will explain them in a future lesson. Stand near a wall. Place your feet as I have told you. Now reach out your left fist and touch the wall with your knuckles. Have your arm almost straight, bent just a little at the elbow. Push back as hard as you can. If the push throws you out of your position, your feet are too close together.

Spread of the Legs

If you cannot bring the right foot up to the left as quickly as you can hit a blow they are too far apart. The right foot should not be directly behind the left, but spread so that the body may not be easily upset sideways nor yet backward.

When you step in for a blow take the spring from the right foot, lifting the body forward and steadying it with the left.

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In landing a right-hand swing bring the right leg forward with the blow. This will bring the feet together. They should not be kept together a second after the blow lands. Either carry the right foot forward or bring it back again to the first position. If the feet are together it is very easy for the man with whom you are boxing to knock you down.

In jumping backward from a blow take the spring from the left foot, using the toe. When you land have the feet in the same position, still ready for attack or defense.

All this you can practice alone without an instructor or an opponent. Never mind about how you hit or what kind of blows you use.

Persevere with your leg-work until you feel at home on your feet. It is the hardest lesson to learn, but if you learn it well you will see how much you will have advanced when you put on the gloves.

CHAPTER XI

THE POISE IN BOXING

IN my first lesson on boxing I told you how to use your feet. Now, we will suppose you have learned that correctly, and we will go to the next lesson : how to hold the body.

The body of a boy or a man is the boiler. It is from there that all the steam comes that moves the machinery, the arms and legs. No matter how big and strong the arms and legs are, they will not be able to do anything unless the body gives them the power. So you see how much care you should take of the body. There is no exercise that will do so much to make the body strong and healthy and full of steam as boxing.

Care must be observed not to do anything to offset the benefit of the exercise, such as smoking cigarettes or chewing tobacco. As for drinking beer or spirits, no one of common-sense will do that. Then, when the body is clean and full of vitality, there is always a

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feeling of cheerfulness and good-nature. There is no desire to be quarrelsome. No one should learn to box so that he may bully it over others, but that he can defend himself from attack, and for the health and strength that the exercise gives.

Wrong Beginning

It is natural for the American boy to box. He picks up a bit of the art himself in sparring with his playmates. But the trouble with this is that he is likely to begin all wrong, and then he has to unlearn all he knows before he can learn the right way.

Quite recently I saw a case in point: two boys, without the knowledge, attempting to box. The way they held the body, feet, and hands was all wrong. The style of one boy was worse than that of the other. He held his body away back. A gentle push would have taken him off his feet. He had no brace with the body to back up the force of his own blow or to stand against that of his playmate.

The other boy was not so bad, but his muscles were too stiff and his shoulders too square. Neither of the boys could move

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about quickly and easily. They were not supple or graceful. They did not have that sure movement of the body which gives to it so much health. Movement is fuel to the body. Where there is plenty of fuel there is plenty of steam.

In taking your stand for a "bout" with the gloves, let the body lean a little bit forward from the hips. Have all the muscles loose. Put the left side forward. Do not stand with your body square to your opponent: it gives him a wider target to hit and does not allow you the swing of the body and shoulders which you need in order to strike a good blow.

Hold your shoulders down, the left one particularly. This gives you length of reach and ease of arm movement. Keep your left arm out, but not straight. Always have your elbows bent a little. A perfectly straight arm is easily hurt. If the arm is bent a little at the elbow it gives it strength and quickness of action.

Swing your body with the waist as a pivot. Do not have it "set;" that is, held rigid. Always keep it swinging, not so hard as to tire you, but so that it is ever ready to start in any

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direction. The body can start much quicker if it be moving than if it be still.

Getting Away from Attack

A boxer with his shoulders about his ears and his body held rigid cannot move quickly. When you jump back from an attack do not alter the position of your body; in other words, go back with the body held in the same manner as when you began to spar. The reason for this is, that when you land away, on your feet, you are still in a position for either attack or defense should your opponent follow you.

The man who would evade an onslaught by thrusting back his head and body so that he is almost falling backward is all wrong. His adversary could follow the attack and easily have the "backward" man at his mercy.

Fill the Lungs

When boxing, keep your stomach in and your chest out; not stiffly, but naturally. It may be awkward at first, but you will soon learn how easy it is and wonder how you ever stood any other way.

THE POISE IN BOXING

By keeping the stomach in and the chest full of air you enjoy all the lung strengthening benefits of boxing and keep the stomach out of harm's way. That part of the body is always a point of attack and should be protected.

I will next tell how to hold the hands while boxing.

CHAPTER XII

POSITIONS FOR THE HANDS

IN my last chapter I told how to hold the body while boxing. The position of the body plays a most important part in the art of self-defense. Now, that you have learned the correct way of holding the body, I shall tell you how to hold the hands.

In boxing never have the muscles "set" and tense. Always have all the muscles of the arms and body and legs loose and ready for action. Hold your hands open. Never close your fist, except at the moment when you land a blow. The reason for this is plain: holding your fist closed strains the muscles of the forearm and uses up a certain part of your strength unnecessarily. Always remember that you should never use any physical force until the moment arrives when you need it. Do not have your muscles strained and rigid. Keep everything loose. It is easy to do so, and the best exhibition always comes from a

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man who is not muscle-bound. In landing a blow remember this particular piece of advice: never hit with the thumb. Always keep the thumb up, and when you land a punch have the impact and your opponent's head in such relation that your hand will not be injured; that is, use the first two knuckles of the hand.

In hitting a blow never close the hand until the blow is landed. The reason for this is that it strains the muscles of the forearm and tires the boxer needlessly. Holding the hands open not only relieves the muscles from any unnecessary strain, but keeps a wider space of glove always ready to defend from attack.

Now, in stopping a blow there is a wrong and a right way. Always turn the palm of the glove outward in stopping a blow. Keep the hand open. This presents a larger surface to the glove of your opponent and will do more to prevent his blow from landing than if your fist was closed.

In guarding always keep your elbows close to your sides. This takes in the benefit of the forearm, and if the glove be held close to the face all that side of the body is protected. Never land a punch without having the block

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ready to meet the counter. Every time you start a punch remember that your opponent intends to come back with another punch.

The particular art of the game is to land a blow without a return ; but every time you make an attack you render yourself liable to an offensive demonstration from the man with whom you are sparring.

One of the best uses of the hands in boxing is not to use them. When a blow is struck the proper way to avoid it is not to stop it with the hand or forearm, but to "slip" it. By "slipping" a blow, I mean that you should get away from it in such a manner that no part of your opponent's arm touches you. This is known as "ducking" and "side-stepping." For instance, if your sparring partner swings his right for the side of your face, lower your head and let the blow go over. Do not "duck" in toward him. Let your head go under the blow and away from it to the side. This prevents your opponent from landing an upper-cut, which he would do if you were close enough to him.

Always remember that the hands are a most important factor in boxing. Never land a blow that will hurt the hands. When you

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lead a straight punch, keep the thumb up. When you swing, always keep the knuckles up. A blow is landed with the first two knuckles of the hand.

There is another thing to tell a young man if he wants to succeed in boxing: Take your chance when you see it, and hit from where your hand is.

Why do I win fights? Because I see the chance when it comes, and I take it.

Every little while a man leaves himself open, but it is only for a second—it is not even a second, it is less than the tenth part of a second. You must seize that chance and strike the instant you see the opening.

The foolish fighter draws back his hand to hit harder, but by the time he has drawn his arm back the man has protected himself, and the chance is gone.

What I say to young men, and what I say to everybody, is this: Do just what I do. If you want to make a success in life, always hit when you see the chance; do not draw your arm back; hit from where your hand is, and you have got him. That is my motto. It is no trouble to whip your opponent when you use that.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW TO LAND BLOWS

HAVING learned how to use the feet, hands, and body, I will now explain how some of the blows used in boxing are struck. I will not show you all the blows in this lesson. It would take more than a chapter to show them all.

You have not forgotten that the feet must be held apart, with the left leg before the right and the left knee bent a little. Also, that the weight of the body rests on the right leg. You remember what I told you about keeping the muscles free and easy, and not held stiffly. All this is important in striking a blow.

It is not only the hand and arm that are used in striking; the legs, body, and shoulders also come into play. There used to be an old idea of striking with the arm working like the piston-rod of an engine. In story-books the hero always knocks down the villain with a blow "straight from the shoulder."

That is all changed now. A blow to have force must have the "send" of the legs and

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the swing of the body with it. A straight blow has not the telling force of a swing. This is because the swing has all the weight of the body behind it.

A Simple Blow

An important blow is the straight left lead for the face. It is a simple blow and easily landed. But it is not one of the hard raps in boxing.

To deliver a straight left lead watch your chance when the other has his guard low. Step in quickly. Swing the left shoulder forward from the hip, at the same time sending the arm out in a straight line. As the arm goes out shut the fist. Keep the palm of the hand turned inward and partly downward so that the top knuckles will strike.

While you are striking you must not forget that your opponent may strike you at the same time. Therefore, you must learn how to prevent him. I will tell you how to do this in a future lesson.

Will Confuse a Boxer

The straight lead has many uses. It will confuse a boxer so that he cannot tell what to

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do. A good time to send in this blow is when your opponent starts a swing at you.

A straight lead in the face will stop many a hard swing before it can land. It will also go through an open guard when a swing would be warded off.

The best time to send in a straight blow is when your opponent is coming toward you. This lends added force to the stroke. Beside, it may stop the other's rush.

In landing this blow I told you to send the arm out in a straight line. I do not mean that you should straighten the arm entirely. Have the elbow bent a little, as this prevents a strain at this point. If the arm be straightened out there may be a snap at the elbow, and an injury there is almost impossible to cure.

Always be careful not to injure your arms or hands when striking. It sometimes happens that a blow does more harm to the boxer who delivers it than to the one who receives it.

A straight right lead is like one with the left hand, only, of course, the right is used. In this lead the right leg is brought a little forward, adding its swing to the force of the blow. This stroke is not so often used as the left lead.

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The reason for this is that the right glove is so much further away from its intended mark. Then, again, the right arm is used more for a guard and for heavy swinging. Now we come to the swing.

One of the Best Blows

The right-hand swing, when rightly delivered, is one of the best blows in boxing. It is hard to land, as it travels in a half-circle and has a long distance to go. This makes it easy to avoid or stop.

In landing this punch wait until you get your opponent's guard low. You can do this by making believe to hit him in the body. Then, when you think you have the opening, drop your right hand down and back with the elbow bent so that the forearm and upper arm are almost at right angles. From this position throw your arm in a half-circle up and over to the side of your opponent's head.

Close your fist while the blow is travelling. Keep the palm of the glove up and down in a line with the body. As the blow starts swing the right leg and all the right side of the body with it. Just as it is landing stiffen the arm

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and push the shoulder forward, turning the body at the hips. The force of the blow should not be ended the moment it lands. Keep it going: it will have more effect that way.

The first two knuckles of the hand should land the blow. If you throw your palm down and hit with the thumb you are liable to break it even with the protection of a glove.

The left swing is made with the left hand in the same manner as the right swing, only the position of the legs is not changed. It does not have as much force as the right swing, because it does not get a like shift of the body with it. But it is easier to land, as it travels a shorter distance.

CHAPTER XIV

COURAGE THE KEYNOTE OF A BOXER'S SUCCESS

Lack of Self-confidence Often Contributes to the Defeat of a Good Fighter

THIS is a lesson on courage. There is no trait of character which a boxer needs more than this. Courage of the highest order—not only physically, but morally—is essential to success as a pugilist. I say “as a pugilist,” because it is in that direction that my experience lies. However, I have learned that this question of moral as well as physical courage is really the keynote to success.

There never was a boxing champion, or a champion, in fact, in any line of sports, who was a coward. They have all been fearless, and in nearly every instance morally superior men. Their sense of right and wrong has been as keenly developed as has their physical superiority. They have not only felt their power of

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mastery over their less fortunate fellow-men, but they have been possessed of the moral courage that comes with the knowledge of right.

It is courage that tells in every walk of life. This it is that leads the gallant soldier to victory; that carries the stout-hearted cycle champion under the wire a winner. The courageous man knows not the word "failure." His password is "victory," and his golden rule reads, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

The boy who is learning to box must be courageous. He must not know the word fear. It is not physical strength, or even the cleverness that comes to an expert boxer, that wins battles. It is moral courage. If a boxer be ever so clever, be he ever so strong, he cannot win battles unless he is courageous. And he cannot be courageous unless he has the moral strength of "right."

Take "Right" and pit it against "Might," and in nine instances out of ten "Right" will score the victory. So be sure you are right before you go ahead.

Another element that contributes largely to the success of a boxer is self-confidence. If a

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man is not self-confident he cannot hope to win battles. I have noticed in my experience in the ring how often a boxer will be defeated simply owing to lack of self-confidence. Men whom I have met and defeated in a round or two have gone out a few weeks or months later and put up wonderful fights.

Won in Other Battles

These men have taken blows and received punishment which I never dreamed of inflicting upon them, and come out of those battles victorious. In their contests with me they simply lacked confidence. I had gained a reputation as a hard-hitter and winner of battles, and it was therefore lack of moral self-reliance that defeated these men as soon as I landed a few blows. The blows I gave them had neither the speed nor the force of those which the same men took unflinchingly from men of no reputation. Therefore, do not forget that you must be morally courageous before you can hope to win battles in the struggle of life. There is no better moral in the world to follow than this, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

CHAPTER XV

HOW THE HEAVY MAN SHOULD TRAIN AND FIGHT

THE big men often do not know how to handle themselves when in a fight, so I will tell them.

The greatest mistake that big men make is in spending so much of their time in doing all kinds of work to develop their muscles and wind and hitting powers, and so little in studying out the tricks of the game. Any big, heavy athlete has an immense advantage, if he wants to become a boxer, right at the start. He has the power; all he lacks is the knowledge how to use it to the best advantage. I will give him three rules to follow :

Be aggressive.

Do not be careless.

Remember that you have the punch.

Your natural strength and weight are enough to put you on the aggressive at all times. You are not like a little, weak chap who is forced to keep away from his opponent and protect himself. Your mere weight is

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bound to give you the upper hand over an opponent if you keep boring in at him. But at the same time you must not let this idea of forcing matters make you careless. It is so easy to fight in a slipshod, careless fashion. And it is just as easy for the other fellow to suddenly reach out and hit you a blow that puts you down and out when he catches you in one of your careless moods.

The idea of "taking a punch for the opportunity to give one" is all right if you are careful to see that the punch which you "take" does not land on a vital spot.

As to the next item in a big man's fighting schedule—his ability to give a punch that will bring down his man—too much attention cannot be given to his education upon this line.

He is built upon lines that give him a natural advantage for sending in a hard blow. He should cultivate his ability in this line, and study out how he can land the hardest blow.

Remember you have weight to add speed to the blow if you only throw it behind your arm.

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Do not waste your energy and strength in hitting lightly; study well just where to land the blow, and when you hit do it with all the strength and force and weight you can muster.

Just as your fist strikes your opponent's body, set your arm rigid and throw your weight against it.

When you have knocked your opponent down do not rush at him as soon as he is on his feet.

Take your time. Feint him once or twice, thus confusing him. Then he will probably leave an opening, and you can administer the knockout without danger to yourself.

I have seen men unduly eager to finish an opponent whom they have knocked down or dazed, rush into the fight, only to receive a wild swing on the jaw and meet defeat just at the moment when the battle was all in their hands—because of failure to defend themselves.

Points for the Big Fighter to Remember

Do not fight on the defensive; be aggressive.
Keep cool at all times.

Do not get careless, particularly when you think you are winning.

HOW THE HEAVY MAN SHOULD TRAIN

Remember that your weight gives you a great advantage.

Use this weight to add greater force to your blows.

Put in every blow as if you meant it to be the last.

CHAPTER XVI

THE WAY TO STRIKE A HARD BLOW

Muscles of the Shoulders Play the Most Prominent Part in Landing a Knockout

“How can I learn to strike a hard blow?”

That is a question that is asked of me frequently by both young and middle-aged men, so I am going to tell them. There is neither trick nor art worth mentioning in striking a hard blow. The mere landing of a hard blow, be it on the face, head, or body, is not a question of skill. It is strength, and nothing but strength, that sends in the blows which are commonly called “hard.”

Why Anyone Can Learn to Hit Hard

For this reason anybody can learn to hit hard. If it took skill, there might be some people who would not be able to master the trick well enough to land the blow. But there

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does not live the man, woman, or child, be they moderately healthy, who cannot, with sufficient patience and exercise, bring themselves finally to a point where they can land a truly hard blow.

The muscles of the shoulders play the most important part in the delivery of a hard blow. Take any boxer who has finely developed back and shoulder muscles and you will find that he is a stout hitter. No matter how weak his biceps and forearm muscles may be, in comparison with those of his shoulders and back, if the latter have the power he will be what is commonly known as a "knocker-out."

Of course, it is to one's advantage to have well-developed biceps and forearms, as this will add to the compactness and solidity of the blow.

Muscles Most Easily Developed

There are no muscles of the body that are more readily developed than those of the shoulders, back, and arms. A rubber exerciser, such as can easily be fastened upon any door-frame, a light pair of dumb-bells, and regular breathing exercises will accomplish the object.

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Like every other kind of exercise, however, regularity counts for everything. Ten or fifteen minutes' work in the morning, a short, stiff walk, a dozen full, deep breaths, forcing the air down into the stomach and out again through the nose, and the same routine at night, will soon endow you with the power of hard hitting. But you must pursue such a course of training with preciseness and regularity to secure the desired result.

Punching the bag is the best exercise for developing the shoulders, back, and arms. It is the primary school of hard punching. Every muscle of the body is brought into play. It trains the eye and schools the brain to act quickly. You gain in both delivery and defense.

CHAPTER XVII

THE PLAN FOR AN AMATEUR'S SUCCESSFUL ENCOUNTER

ALL amateur boxers are inclined to be nervous. This is a fault. The best way to cure it is to do all the boxing you can with men whom you know you can best, but men who will give you a hard battle. Take your lessons from a competent professional teacher.

After boxing a while with men to whom the gloves and the ring are as familiar as their daily meals, the amateur game will seem like child's play to you. That is one hint for you. Now for another. Be sure you go into the ring in good physical condition. Get your stomach "right" and keep it "right." Be careful not to catch cold. There must have been no training on hot birds and cold bottles; no theatre parties, late suppers, or cotillions.

When you step into the centre of the ring do not rush blindly at your man. I have seen many amateurs do that. If the other fellow

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comes at you that way stick out your left hand as hard and as often as you can, and jab him in the face. If things go quietly, however, you should feel your opponent out well. Use your cleverness to the best of your ability to confuse him. If you are successful in that then comes the time to be aggressive. Jab him, if you can, with your left. Failing this, send in both hands, straight from the shoulder, to his face and head. Keep at this until you get his guard up. If he finds you fighting at his head all the time he will forget to protect his stomach and wind.

When he forgets, the time has come for you to get in your fine work. Watch your opportunity well, and when the proper moment comes step in as close to him as you can, and a little to one side, and strike with your left or right hand, whichever is convenient, hard in his solar plexus. Throw every pound of your weight behind the blow, put all your strength in it, and pivot slightly on your foot as it lands.

If you execute the blow properly, it is almost certain to score a knockout.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FAMOUS BLOWS OF ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

*Photographed During a Boxing Bout with
George Dawson, Physical Instructor
of the Chicago Athletic Club*



THE CORRECT BOXING POSITION



STOPPING A RIGHT-HAND BODY-PUNCH



BLOCKING LEFT-HAND SWING AND DELIVERING LEFT HOOK ON THE JAW



SIDE-STEP, PUSHING LEFT-HAND LEAD WITH RIGHT HAND



DUCK AND RIGHT-HAND BODY-BLOW



WITHDRAWING THE BODY FROM LEFT-HAND LEAD AND LANDING WITH LEFT ON FACE



LEFT-HAND BODY-PUNCH AND DUCK



BLOCKING LEFT-HAND LEAD AND DELIVERING RIGHT-HAND SOLAR-PLEXUS BLOW



RIGHT-HAND COUNTER AND BLOCK



FOUL PIVOT-BLOW



PROPER WAY TO PIVOT



THROWING THE LEFT-HAND LEAD OF YOUR OPPONENT UP WITH
YOUR LEFT AND DELIVERING THE RIGHT-HAND BODY-PUNCH



BEATING LEFT-HAND DOWN WITH LEFT AND DELIVERING RIGHT SIMULTANEOUSLY
ON OPPONENT'S JAW



DRAWING BACK FROM LEFT-HAND LEAD TO A POSITION TO DELIVER LEFT ON OPPONENT



RETURNING LEFT-HAND COUNTER AFTER FEINTING YOUR OPPONENT



STOPPING A LEFT-HAND LEAD



INSIDE RIGHT-HAND CROSS-COUNTER



THIS MOVEMENT IS CALLED "THE SLIP," RESORTED TO IN THE FACE
OF THREATENED PUNISHMENT



THE SLIP—SECOND POSITION



THE SLIP—THIRD POSITION. SIDE-STEPPING LEFT-HAND LEAD AND DELIVERING RIGHT ON NECK



THE FAMOUS LEFT-HAND SHIFT FOR THE SOLAR PLEXUS



THE FAMOUS SHIFT. AFTER DELIVERING THE SOLAR-PLEXUS
BLOW WITH THE LEFT, YOU WHIP THE SAME HAND UP TO
THE JAW WITHOUT MOVING THE POSITION OF THE FEET
(This blow retained Fitzsimmons the championship of the world by
defeating James J. Corbett at Carson City, March 17, 1897)



THE LEFT-HAND SHIFT FOR THE POINT OF THE SAW

PART III
THE LIFE AND RING BATTLES OF ROBERT
FITZSIMMONS

CHAPTER XIX

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WARRIOR

BY A. J. DREXEL BIDDLE

THE fighting record of Robert Fitzsimmons is conceded by the leading authorities on pugilism throughout the world to be by far the greatest and most remarkable record held by any one pugilist in the annals and history of the prize ring. Early in his career he began fighting the great pugilists and the champions, and his long list of speedy victories, first in Australia and then during the past twelve years in this country, over leading aspirants for both middle-weight and heavy-weight championship honors, has won for him universal recognition as the greatest fighter the ring has ever had. After many decisive victories over the great fighters of Australia, Fitzsimmons came to this country, where, as the easy victor in stormy and sensational knockout battles, he soon became the terror of all pugilistic aspirants. Since November, 1889, he has fought **thirty-six**

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important battles, not enumerating his many quick victories over pugilists of little note, and in twenty-eight of these important battles he knocked out his opponents: in thirty-three he scored decisive victories.

In the twenty-eight famous battles in which Fitzsimmons scored knockouts, twenty were against the world's greatest fighters—Dempsey, Maher, Hall, Creedon, Corbett, Ruhlin, Sharkey, and others of like note—and the average number of rounds of each of these twenty knockout battles would figure out at about three rounds to the battle.

Aside from these twenty knockouts of pugilistic stars is the enviable record scored by Fitzsimmons in Chicago, about two months previous to the opening of the World's Fair. It was there, in a single evening, that he encountered and knocked out seven pugilistic aspirants: each of these men tipped the scales at over two hundred pounds, and the largest was two hundred and forty pounds in weight, and six feet seven and a half inches in height. It is here interesting to note the most remarkable fact in the history of Robert Fitzsimmons: in every one of his long list of battles he

AN ACCOUNT OF THE WARRIOR

fought under the middle-weight limit (which is one hundred and fifty-eight pounds). At the time he knocked out the seven heavy-weight boxers in Chicago, he tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty-two pounds.

Although a detailed description of the many sensational encounters in which Fitzsimmons has figured would prove of absorbing interest, such an account would in itself necessarily fill several large volumes. Aside from the fact that space prevents, it is not the purpose in this work on physical culture and self-defense by Fitzsimmons to give a detailed history of the author: his modesty does not permit of this, and therefore such records only are given as public interest demands. Mr. Fitzsimmons has fought in all three hundred and twenty-seven battles and lost one. It is claimed that he was robbed of one with Sharkey after knocking him out twice.

During Mr. Fitzsimmons' preparation of the present volume, when the newspapers throughout the world were daily filled with announcements thereof, and the many millions of physical culture enthusiasts, as well as invalids and weaklings with a yearning to learn how to

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become strong, were awaiting its publication, both author and publisher received hundreds of letters from people prominent in the sporting world. The majority of these letters urged that records and official descriptions of Fitzsimmons' ring battles be included in his book. It is in view of these requests, which have come from New Zealand, Australia, India, Canada, and England, as well as the United States, that three of the author's most famous encounters are hereafter described.

They are, respectively, his battle in 1897 with Corbett for the heavy-weight championship of the world, and his fights in 1900 with Ruhlin and Sharkey respectively. The two latter battles are unexceptionally remarkable, in that they were fought and won within a period of two weeks' time, and against two of the most famous pugilists the world has ever seen: great, powerful fellows, each many years younger and many pounds heavier than Fitzsimmons. A fourth encounter of importance, and the first in order of significance, was Fitzsimmons' battle with Dempsey for the middle-weight championship of the world. This fight is described in the Introduction.

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CHAPTER XX

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE

BY THOMAS T. WILLIAMS

THE fight began at 12.05 o'clock, on March 17, 1897, with all the preliminaries, pomp, and frippery of a dress parade. All the fancies of pugilism were aired in the men's respective corners. Only one thing was omitted, the customary handshake, that old fiction used under the English law to suggest that it was only a test of endurance and skill and not of malice.

"I will shake hands with Fitzsimmons when he has whipped me," said Corbett to me on the occasion of that memorable meeting on the high-road, and in an hour from the time the fight began he kept his word.

Fitzsimmons earned that handshake. He fought his fight like a game man; he fought it his own way; he fought it uphill against odds which, in the fifth round, could only have been

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represented by 10 to 1. He fought for his life; he fought for his wife, who cheered him by her presence, and he received blows that would have reduced any other man now before the public to subjection in much less time than this fight lasted.

To say that the unexpected happened would not be true. It was the expected that happened. We all expected to see Corbett have the best of the fight right along, emerge from the ring practically unmarked, and win the fight unless Fitzsimmons got in one punch. Corbett was looking for that punch himself, his seconds were looking for it, and yet Fitzsimmons was able to catch him off his guard long enough to plant the blow that reversed all ring form, and that made a middle-weight champion over the best heavy-weight of the century and won the Australian a fortune.

To describe the fight in the language of the ring would convey but little meaning to those who have not devoted the whole of their lives to pugilistic phraseology. The hooks and counters, leads and swings, clinches and pushes, and all that sort of thing can be seen on the kinetoscope at five cents a peep. I did not see

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them. I saw the fight as a whole, but not in its details. I happened to see the blow in the stomach that ended it, and a few other critical ones, but the grand mixture of attack and defense was lost.

I saw a face that will haunt me until time has effaced it from my memory. It was a mixture of pathos and tragedy. There was no savagery in it, but some intelligence. There was a leer and a grin and a look of patient suffering and dogged courage. It was the face of a brave man fighting an uphill fight, with lip torn and bleeding, nostrils plugged with coagulated blood, ears torn and swollen, eyes half-closed and blinking in the sunlight, with every line and muscle drawn to the angle of suffering, but withal watchful, intent, and set.

Fitzsimmons' face was not cruel or passionate, but was clear, and never once did he lose his hope of success, his watchfulness over his opponent, his waiting for an opening. It was one face from the time that first blood was claimed and allowed in the fifth round until the victory was in his hands. You cannot compare it with anything, for there is not another

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human countenance like Fitzsimmons' when he is fighting against odds.

Corbett had the crowd. It was plain from the start that on this St. Patrick's day an Irish-American had the sympathies of the people against the Englishman who came here by way of the Antipodes. Then, too, the crowd was largely from Corbett's home in San Francisco; and California, though not always true to her native sons, did send her best wishes to Corbett that day. The cries of "Good boy, Jim!" were heard whenever Corbett made a hit. Fitzsimmons answered these with a look that said, "Wait and see whether you want to shout for Corbett after the finish." The look was not due to intention—Fitzsimmons' purpose evidently being to smile—but when one's lips are an inch away from the teeth and one's nose is reduced to a pulp the finish of a smile is hard to guess.

Corbett's face changed during the fight. The change came at the end of the tenth round, when, much to the surprise of everyone, Fitzsimmons was still in the ring, and Corbett, too wise to go in and finish him, was wondering why the Australian took so much

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pounding. The high, proud look of confidence that had marked Corbett's appearance from the beginning suddenly gave place to an appearance of exhausted vitality and doubt. He found himself with less energy than he expected, and he could not understand why that bruised and battered piece of flesh in front of him, which bore so little resemblance to humanity, continued to face him. A minute before that look came over Corbett, odds of 10 to 1 on him would have found no takers. A minute after wise ring-goers were whispering, "The champion is losing his steam," and Bill Naughton, monotonously counting off the blows to a stenographer, said, "Jim is gone." There was such a story told by the ashen grayness of Corbett's face that things brightened in Fitzsimmons' corner, and Delaney looked as though he would like to cry. From that time on there were two men in the fight. Corbett, unhurt, but not confident; Fitzsimmons, bruised and beaten and torn and bloody, but waiting for his chance.

Going back to the beginning, there is not much to tell of the first two rounds. The boxing was light, Corbett endeavoring to hit

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and get away without return, and Fitzsimmons simply waiting. In the second round, after Fitzsimmons had received a few blows in the face, he grew more aggressive, and, driving Corbett into his corner, attempted to punch him, but the big champion laughed and ducked and got out of what seemed to be a very tight place. It was "Good boy, Jim!" all over the ring, and, "Good boy, Jim!" again when Corbett landed twice in Fitzsimmons' stomach with blows that might have been dangerous had Fitzsimmons been the least out of condition. It was noticeable that Corbett could hit and hit and generally get away from Fitzsimmons' returns. The confident air became more confident and the applause from the Californians more general.

In the third round the spectators had a chance to see who had the best of the clinches, which were frequent. Fitzsimmons would try little jabbing hits that reached Corbett's neck or body and did no harm. Corbett seemed to think clinches were his best time for a knock-out blow, but it is not easy to knock out a man whose head, like a turtle's, has a habit of ducking in between two enormous masses of

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muscle, and its only presentation a side view. Whenever Corbett had attempted a heavy blow and failed, and sometimes when he did not fail, Fitzsimmons would lay his head over Corbett's shoulder and smile at the southwest corner.

In the fourth round it looked like a fight, and all around I could hear the enthusiastic sports saying, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and smacking their lips over the stiff blows that Corbett sent into Fitzsimmons' face and body. They were not knockout blows, but blows at about half-strength, delivered with the arm stiff, and were meant to hurt and not to kill.

Fitzsimmons soon showed the effects of them. His face began to swell, and he would lie on Corbett's shoulder as though in the hope of obtaining some respite from the punching, which was annoying. Corbett grew confident as this round progressed, and went to his corner as happy as a boy. It was "Good boy, Jim!" and "Punch his head off!" and "Knock the Australian's head off!" but only one man said "Take your time, Fitzsimmons!" Corbett looked like a winner then, and he looked like a winner all through the fifth round, when he

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drew first blood from Fitzsimmons' lip, and Siler allowed the claim which Billy Delaney promptly made.

I began to feel sorry for Mrs. Fitzsimmons then, and wished she was not there. She was anxious and Fitzsimmons was distressed, and Martin Julian's face bore all kinds of woe. Little Roeber was thoughtful for the first time this year, and Dan Hickey suffered as much as his chief.

In Corbett's corner, how different! Delaney, calm and confident; Donaldson, a trifle jubilant; Billy Woods and "Kid" Egan both smiling, and occasionally turning around to remark to some spectator, "Six rounds."

The blood seemed to arouse Corbett's temper, and he went at Fitzsimmons with more determination than he had shown before. He hit him time and again, and I could see Mrs. Fitzsimmons wince, right across the ring. There were words of sympathy, too, for her in the sixth round, when, after the clinch, Corbett landed a tremendous blow that brought Fitzsimmons to his knees, sent the blood spurting from his nose, and distorted his face almost beyond recognition. Everybody wondered

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whether Fitzsimmons would recover, but the ninth second found him on his feet and still fighting. Again and again Corbett hit him until his own gloves were covered with blood from Fitzsimmons' face, and his body was smeared a glaring crimson from the same source.

Smiling, confident, and erect, Corbett poked at his now crouching adversary. Someone in his corner said: "Look out, Jim, he is kidding. Do not go near him. He is foxy." Who knows but that remark gave Fitzsimmons the championship. There was no deception in that bruised face, no foxiness in the eyes that were drawn down to tiny points, showing nothing but patience and determination.

The services of the seconds at the end of the round made Fitzsimmons presentable, and the minute was a grateful rest to him. When he came up he began his hard hitting, and the spectators thought he had determined to finish the fight right there or go to the floor. But no. When he found his blows did not reach the clever man in front of him, he changed his tactics and waited, taking the punishment that came to him as gamely and as doggedly as a

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bulldog would take a beating—and still there was nothing savage about him. He would punch, and Corbett allowed him to land once to feel his blow. It was feeble, and we all looked for a finish then. We expected to see Corbett dash in and knock his head back, as the crowd advised. A right-hand swing from Fitzsimmons, which missed him, made him change his mind and keep away—at least that is what it seemed to me.

The eighth round was sickening. Face smashes and body blows, punches in the neck and punches under the heart were Fitzsimmons' portion. It would have all been over but for his gameness. The betting men were almost ready to cash in their Corbett tickets.

So, also, in the ninth round, he was hit and hit and hit again. Fitzsimmons would put his face over Corbett's shoulder and hang for respite. "Why doesn't that game fellow quit?" people asked. But the game fellow hit when he could and hugged a little, and when his portion became too much to bear he would swing his right, though out of distance, to keep his larger opponent away. At the end of the ninth round Corbett laughed, and his seconds

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were happy. It was all over but the finishing, and the finishing was to be done right away. But somehow or another Fitzsimmons did not look quite so bad when his face was washed and sponged and his wind was cleared, and Corbett wondered at the change that came over him. Why, the man was getting stronger under the terrific beating, and, incredible as it may seem, he was the stiffest puncher in this round. Not that he hurt Corbett, but he worried him and made him doubtful and wonder who it was, and it was then that the doubt came into Corbett's heart and the gray look into his face. But he, too, was game, and I began to sympathize with him. Fitzsimmons was anything but a beaten man in the eleventh round. He was growing stronger and Corbett's wind was none too good. Fitzsimmons grew confident and pushed the champion and poked him into his corner and landed good and hard on his face, and punched him, and then Corbett rallied and hit back, and I saw the hardest and fastest fighting I have ever seen in the ring. It was "Game boy, Fitzsimmons!" while the Corbett men looked grave, and the crowd, who scented the coming change

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of championships, began to yell for Fitzsimmons. Even then it was anything but all over.

There was no denying Corbett's courage, and when the twelfth round began he was full of fight, and led and led, until Fitzsimmons went in to smash, and caught him twice on the jaw on the breakaway. Then Corbett missed his chance. There had been a clinch and rally, and Fitzsimmons had got the worst of it. He went back after the clinch, and for a second his arms hung helpless. What a chance for an uppercut. Corbett saw it, but a tenth of a second too late. Dash went his right hand, upward and outward, missing Fitzsimmons' chin by an inch and losing the fight—the nearest miss for so much money one is likely to see. Then we felt sorry for Corbett again, and Delaney whispered caution and told him to fight the man to a finish in his own way, and the thirteenth round passed without much difference.

"Fight the fellow to a finish; whip him in your own way," was Delaney's warning to Corbett as the fourteenth round began. The veteran second looked anxious. He could see

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that Fitzsimmons was anything but whipped. His eye and ear told him that Corbett was becoming slightly tired. He felt confident that Corbett could win if he saved himself. It was clear that he was the cleverer man and unhurt, while Fitzsimmons' face was battered to a pulp. But no man can fight another's battle. It was Corbett who had to do the fighting.

There were a few exchanges, and then I saw what I do not want to see again. I saw Fitzsimmons' left hand go smash into Corbett's stomach just as though it had gone into butter, and I saw Fitzsimmons' right hand reach the point of Corbett's jaw. Then Corbett sank to his knees in the western corner of the ring holding on to the ropes for support ; his eyes absolutely turned upward until none of the pupil was visible. His face was white. He was not unconscious in the sense of being entirely benumbed, but his limbs refused to respond to the demands made upon them.

Time was up. The champion was out.

Where was Nevada's boasted police force then? Surely they were wanted. Where were the Pinkerton fighting men and the braves from the border? I would like to have these

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questions answered. There were none of them around the ring, where they should have been, keeping order ; and the threat of death to the man who crossed the ropes proved to be but an idle bluff. The ring was half-full in twenty seconds. I noted the time. Corbett was upon his feet again, half-delirious, and, dashing at Fitzsimmons, who had been called back by his seconds, Corbett gave his conqueror a blow in the face that might have killed him.

Plucky little Roeber jumped into the melee. I saw Joe Corbett hitting indiscriminately. Everything was confusion. Spectators tried to find out what was the matter. There were cries of "Foul!" Corbett's hand was on his stomach, pointing to the place where he had been hit, and Siler, cool, contained, and nervy despite the crush, said: "No foul. Fitzsimmons knocked him out fairly with a stomach punch, and Fitzsimmons wins."

After the round was finished it was fully two minutes before the spectators knew what the decision was. I made inquiry immediately around the ring, and could only find three men who knew, or thought they knew, what had happened. They were Billy Madden, George

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Siler and William Muldoon. Now everyone knows all about it.

At the time it occurred but few people saw the blow and fewer still realized exactly what they had seen. What I saw was a right-hand reach, from which Corbett drew his head and upper body back. It was a feint to give Fitzsimmons his coveted chance. Then I saw Fitzsimmons' left hand fly into Corbett's stomach. Corbett was facing me, and I saw him flinch and his lips form as if to make a sound. As he came forward I saw Fitzsimmons strike him with his right hand on the jaw, not what I think was a dangerous blow; nor do I think that the right-hand blow had anything to do with ending the "bout." I say I saw these things. That is certainly what I marked on the piece of paper in front of me, and it is certainly what is fixed in my mind; but others, as competent as myself and with as good eyes, reverse the blows and make the right-hand punch the stomach blow and the left hand on the jaw.

When doctors disagree perhaps the patient may be permitted to tell his story, and I for one am contented to leave this to Fitzsimmons,

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who tells his own story in another chapter, and who, I am certain, knows exactly what occurred. I say "certain," because in watching him I saw that he knew what he was doing. The moment he landed his face told the story of a successful general's clever coup.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE

BY ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

WHEN I entered the ring I tipped the beam at one hundred and fifty-six and one-half pounds, while Mr. Corbett weighed one hundred and eighty-seven pounds. Before the fight my opponent acknowledged over his signature that he was in fit condition to make the fight of his life. Well, he made it, and so did I. He is a big, strong, clever fellow, but from the moment I saw him standing before me, trembling with anxiety to begin, I saw the expression of uncertainty in his eyes. I saw his legs tremble as he stood there like a young cub lion, waiting to spring at me.

At the call of time I had collected all my coolness; had settled myself to meet him in any variety of onslaught he chose to offer, and felt certain that if he whipped me he would have to do part of the work. I remember distinctly the way he leaped from the arms of his

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second; how his arms quivered as he struck a defensive pose. There was nothing for me to do at that juncture but to feel him. I saw that he was not in possession of that confidence which he boasted, and I was in no sense of the word disconcerted. I began to frame his weaknesses. Much to my surprise, he, too, was curbing his temper, and was not likely to lose it unless he lost the fight. On that point I was right, and we will discuss that later.

In the opening of the first round I decided to meet him half-way in everything, and toward the close, when I saw an opening made by his advances to me, I put my right on him and broke my thumb. For a moment the pain was severe, but he had evidently been knocked by the blow, and his caution gave me plenty of time to recover. When the gong sounded I was satisfied that there was something more than mere inquisitiveness in him. There was a color of anxiety, and his big eyes danced over my face and peered into mine as though he were looking for an answer. I hardly think my expression told him anything. We came a little nearer and began to feel the advantages of the first round, but I saw that he was on the

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defensive, and I made up my mind right there that I would have to go in and take a little punishment. He was on the verge of going at me several times in the third round, but I came at him and sent some hard ones on to his jaw that put him back a little. But he is a good, game fellow and stood it well, returning about as good as I sent, but he was a little more cautious about "finishing" me.

I confess I found it a difficult thing to get to his head as often as I wished, but therein I proved my generalship by immediately changing my tactics and going for his wind. Once I landed squarely on his mouth, and every time he opened it to breathe I could see him holding back that blood-colored saliva, in order, I suppose, to deprive me of the privilege of drawing first blood. Not for a single instant did I feel that I was mistaken regarding his intentions. I knew that he had given up the idea of a hurricane and was looking for an opening.

Several times I gave it to him merely for the opportunity I hoped it would present me. He was quick to take the cue, but he never landed just as I wanted him to. A tenth of a second is frequently of the most vital importance

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under those circumstances, and conditions must be right to put in the finishing touch.

In the fifth round he appeared to take a little more confidence and set the pace a trifle livelier than he did before, drawing blood from my mouth and somewhat exciting the audience and his various followers. Twice I tried to put something strong in, but made no tangible connection. I jolted his head back pretty hard once or twice. Several times a pained expression came into his face. Once he looked at my wife, who sat by the ring-side, and literally laughed at her, but she retorted, "You cannot whip him!" And as the words struck my ears it came like an encouraging voice out of the dull murmur and hum and conversation going on around me, and I said to myself then and there, as I have often said before, "It shall never be the lot of that woman to be the wife of a defeated husband." About that time I got another blow in the mouth, which opened my lip a little more and the blood began to flow. I was also bleeding at the nose, but suffered no inconvenience except when it ran into my mouth.

The sixth round was especially warm, and I

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found Corbett getting a little wild in his punches; but when he did hit me they were heavy ones. Once I slipped while trying to get away from a left-hand swing. He stepped on my foot. I tripped and fell to my knee and remained in that position seven seconds to wipe my nose. The referee, at the suggestion of Mr. Julian, urged Corbett to stand further away from me until I got on my feet. I was not in the least bit dazed. Shortly after getting up the round closed, and I decided to make the seventh just as lively as he had made the sixth. It was then that I discovered that his blows were losing force. He struck less frequently than before and seemed to be playing for wind. He did not, however, lose much of his cleverness, and managed to avoid me up to the eleventh round.

In the twelfth I saw an occasional smile coming to his lips, and mentally congratulated him on the way he was keeping his temper. I cannot recall just how many times I missed him, but I am aware that he ducked several hooks and clinched me to avoid punishment. As I retired to my corner at the end of the twelfth round, my wife, who sat within five feet

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of me, called out, "Remember, Robert, the thirteenth is your lucky round ; do not let him whip you !" When the gong sounded I had freshened a little and was positive that he had gone his limit, had done the best he could, and was at my mercy the first bad break he made. Every time I caught my wife's eye she whispered something encouraging, and I winked and nodded back to her. She was a greater help to me than many people can appreciate, and I saw from the expression in her face what she expected of me. When the thirteenth round closed I had not effected an entrance such as I desired, but I had the satisfaction of knocking out one of his gold teeth, and perhaps two. He looked awful sorry when he got that crack, and flushed to the roots of his hair. I went to my corner at the end of that time more thoroughly convinced than ever that it was all up with him, and that the next round would close the issue.

When the opportunity came in the beginning of the fourteenth round Corbett was fighting a little wild and made a swing which I side-stepped. In a flash I saw a clean opening on his stomach and came in with a left-hand shift

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on his wind; then, without changing the position of my feet, shot the same hand against his jaw, thus giving him the identical blows which I administered to Sharkey in San Francisco. There was no way for him to get up in ten seconds. I was sure I had done the trick, and, although he made a hard struggle to get on his feet, he was counted out by the referee, and the championship honors which I had won once before were again mine in one of the fairest fights ever fought in a prize-ring.

The excitement occasioned by the knockout upset things greatly, and after I had retired to my corner, where I stood surrounded by my friends, receiving their congratulations, I was suddenly pushed to the east end of the ring, and the next moment I saw Corbett break from the arms of his trainers, who were trying to restrain him, and rush at me.

A dozen men had hold of my hands and arms, complimenting me, and I was powerless to defend myself from the blows which, in his frenzy, he rained upon my neck. He was ghastly with rage, and the break in his teeth added nothing to his beauty. With curses on his lips he threw himself upon me like a

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man who was possessed with the spirit of a devil and whose next act would be to destroy himself. Amazed and dumfounded, I was almost unable to defend myself, and not until he was pulled away did I realize that he had done what I had expected of him, and lost his head and his manners the third time. Finally, when order was restored, information was brought to me that he wished to shake hands; and as I had refused to take his palm, owing to the incident on the prison road not long before, and when I considered, also, that I had fought and won the battle, I decided to show him that I had still the qualities of a man of courtesy, and offered him my hand in return. He complimented me highly, said I was the greatest man he had ever encountered, that he was whipped fairly, and that he wanted another "go" at me. I told him as politely as I could that I had fought my last fight, and would never enter the prize-ring again. With that, instead of accepting my ultimatum as containing a little wisdom, he retorted that if I did not give him another chance he would meet me on the street and beat me to death, or words to that effect, interspersing his statement with profanity.

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"If you do, Jim," I answered, looking him square in the face, "I will kill you!"

I told him this because I meant it, and because of my wife and my child, whom I love better than all the world. My only object in signing for that encounter was to vindicate my honor and prove that no man ever lived who could defeat me in a prize-fight, be he great or small. In the morning before I went to the arena my wife prayed on her bended knees that I would be the victor. Had it not been for the semblance of a hollow mockery to my God, I would have joined her.

When the gong sounded for the opening of that fight I made up my mind that if they carried me out a loser it would be as a dead man. I submit the facts.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BATTLE WITH GUS RUHLIN

BY W. W. NAUGHTON

A PUNISHING, staggering fight, with the result in doubt a dozen times. In the sixth round Fitzsimmons dropped Ruhlin as cold as an iceberg with the fatal shift. Possibly there are many in this broad land who do not know what the fatal shift is. The shift is an assault used in fighting. It is not always fatal. When Fitzsimmons uses it, though, it is generally fatal to championship aspirations.

In order to work the shift to perfection a fighter has to change his feet with the speed of lightning. His right foot acts in the dual capacity of brace and pivot, and every ounce of strength and weight in his body and limbs apart from that anchored right foot and leg gives force to the blow which accompanies the shift.

Fitzsimmons always boxes in such a manner that it is easy for him to resort to the shift. He keeps his feet shuffling around, with

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neither very far in front. His leg motions are ungainly, but there is a purpose in it all. You would think sometimes he was a victim of sciatica, the way his legs drag.

Fitzsimmons a Bundle of Toughened Sinews

He looks the "lean and slippered pantaloon of pugilism" to those who do not appreciate his physique. In reality, he is a crouching bundle of seasoned muscles and toughened sinews; a hard-fisted fellow, as cold as a fish and with an eye that notes every move on the Queensberry chess-board.

He was all of this in the present fight. He kept close to Ruhlin, flogging away, and at times fumbling. His knees were bent on occasions and his gait wobbly. His bony head was rocking from the force of the Akron Giant's blows in many a round, but there was never a sign of dizziness about the Cornishman. My! what a slugger match it was. It looked as if Fitzsimmons would put aside all his knowledge of trick and endeavor to win out in a smash-for-smash fight.

He went close to Ruhlin and began to slug. Ruhlin struck straight from the shoulder and

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beat the Cornishman back to the ropes again and again. The first was Ruhlin's round. In the next round the aspect of things changed. Fitzsimmons tried the left shift once or twice with fair success. The most damaging blows were the left hooks he threw into Ruhlin's stomach.

Terrible Clip Set by Both

By the end of the third round the faces of both men were bruised. They were fighting at a terrible clip. Fitzsimmons worked the right cross until welts appeared near Ruhlin's temple. Ruhlin's nose was flattened and his lips puffed. He was bleeding like the stuck pig of tradition. He was weak, and so was Fitzsimmons.

Nor did Fitzsimmons' face escape in the melee. There was a ragged gash alongside his left eye and shining lumps on his forehead and temple. Both eyes were black.

Fitzsimmons was the aggressor in every round. He took Ruhlin's left full in the face times without number, and still kept pursuing the Akron Giant. If Ruhlin is possessed of the damaging punch his friends speak about he did not have it with him.

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In the beginning of the fourth round Fitzsimmons steadied himself after driving Ruhlin clear across the ring. Bob was arm-weary. Ruhlin, whose plight was equally serious, urged by a few words of advice whispered from his corner, flung his big gloves at the Cornishman's face. Bob bowed his head to the attack, and Ruhlin's friends were fooled. They thought Fitzsimmons was all out and about to fall.

Bob Was Only Fooling

The Cornishman was simply fooling. He straightened up with a grin on his countenance and hammered Ruhlin across the mat, bringing him down near the ropes.

The endurance displayed by the two men in the fifth round was marvellous. For the greater part of the time there was no attempt at guarding, and swings, hooks, and straight punches landed on their faces. Fitzsimmons' blows were the more telling. Ruhlin appeared to be weary, but he still swung in a tired way, hoping by chance to drop his opponent. Near the end of the round Fitzsimmons showed more of trickiness than he did at any stage of

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the battle. He dodged and drew away, and it was evident he was trying to clear the road for some particular punch.

The opportunity was offered in the sixth round. Fitzsimmons was on top of Ruhlin from the first tap of the gong. He hammered him across the floor and brought him to his knees.

Ruhlin stood erect again and Fitzsimmons acted as if intent on backing away. He halted suddenly and made a bluff motion with his right, and in his steel-blue eyes was an expression that might pass for anything from a baby stare to a look of horror.

Beginning of the End

It gave no indication of what was passing in his mind. Then came the left shift. His right foot went forward and his left came back. His left glove crashed against Ruhlin's jaw, and the Akron Giant fell to the ground an inert mass.

The fight was over. It was won by Fitzsimmons with a combination of hard fighting and trickiness. He battered Ruhlin to a standstill inside of four rounds: played with him another

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round, as a cat plays with a mouse, and worked the shift for all it was worth.

So far as Ruhlin is concerned, the fight simply served to show that he is a game fellow and that he can stand a terrible gruelling.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE BATTLE WITH THOMAS SHARKEY

*With Running Comments Made by Gus Ruhlin
at the Ring-side*

SHARKEY, his pale brow roughened with anxiety, came rushing in like a runaway tornado.

Fitzsimmons danced away. His arms were moving as the claws of a panther move when prey is in sight.

Sharkey in his rush cut loose a right-hand blow. It swished through the air much as a whip does. It missed Fitzsimmons by a foot, and then—once more happened the Fitzsimmons shift.

Fitzsimmons brought his right foot forward. From so low as his knee he started that fatal left, swung his leg with it, gave it all the leverage of his broad shoulder, and, lifting it up to Sharkey's jaw, landed it, true and clean, with a

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bone-crushing smash. Not one of that big crowd who saw it will forget that punch. It squeezed an involuntary groan from the now open mouth of the sailor. His chin dropped forward as if his neck had been suddenly broken. His legs—those sturdy legs, unused to bend beneath the weight of any one blow—sank beneath him.

Comments by Gus Ruhlin

Well! here comes Sharkey. Now we are going to see a fight.

Say! he looks pretty good, does he not? Fit? No, I do not think he is too big, do you? What is the delay about? Fitzsimmons wants the purse posted, eh? Ah! here he comes. Listen to them applauding Bob. He is a very popular fellow.

What is that Harvey just announced? Charlie White will referee? Good! There will be no foolishness now. Now I can get a view of them standing up. Sharkey looks able to go a distance—in fact, he looks as if he were trained for a long fight, not a hurry-up-and-get-away affair. But look at Fitzsimmons. Is not the old chap a picture?

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Get together, says Charlie White. Ah! there goes the gong. Now they are at it. Fitzsimmons seems too clever for the sailor. That is a good one, Sharkey. That marine can swing his right. But look! Tom is breaking ground. The kangaroo seems too shifty for him. I wonder if Sharkey can dodge that one? Good! Cleverly done, old man. Sharkey is not as slow as he might be, is he?

That was a hard blow. I bet it hurt. Fitzsimmons can cross that right over like a trip-hammer. That one must have jarred Tom.

Hello! There is a rally for you. Good boy, Tom! What is that—a knockout? There goes Fitzsimmons. Bing! There goes the gong. Do you think that was a saver for Bob? He was down all right, was he not? It was all Bob's round up to the very last, when Sharkey put him down.

Ah! There is the gong again. Now what do you think of that? Fitzsimmons is as fresh as a rose. There is no doubt he is a wonderful fighter. Go on, Bob! Good boy, old chap! Say! Sharkey landed a hard one then.

I do not know who I want to see win. But Fitzsimmons has the best of it. Look at the

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way he is showering the blows into the sailor's ribs. That was a nasty uppercut. I will bet that one jarred Sharkey to his beam ends. And there is another one.

Fitzsimmons is making him look like two cents. Sharkey seems all at sea. Oh! There goes another in the sailor's stomach. He is a sturdy chap to stand such punishment. Fitzsimmons is sticking it into him for fair.

I wonder how much of that Sharkey will take? I thought he would go the limit, but Fitzsimmons is throwing some pretty tough blows into him. What did I tell you? There goes Sharkey. He is down again, and he is taking the count, too. But he is up again. He is a pretty tough customer. Now the old man is on top of him. Look how he bores in on him.

I tell you, it takes a game customer to put a fight against such a man as Fitzsimmons. He is in and fighting all the time. That is what has won him all of his battles. I wonder if it will serve him in good stead this time?

He has Sharkey holding. That shows that things are coming too fast for Tom. There goes that terrible left again. What a stunner!

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Poor Sharkey! Now Bob is fighting like a demon. He is giving Sharkey a terrible game. Right, left, left, right to the face and body. Those punches are something terrific.

Ah! There goes the one which I think will do the trick. Bang! Right square to the solar plexus. That is the blow that does the trick. And there goes the left. What a crash! Right on the jaw. Sharkey is a tough customer. But he is down now—down and out. There goes the last count.

Fitzsimmons wins!

I will not say I told you so, but just look how Fitzsimmons wins. He is a wonder.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE RECORD OF ROBERT FITZSIMMONS

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS was born in Helston, Cornwall, June 4, 1862. First appearance at Timaru, New Zealand, in Jem Mace's competition, in which he defeated four men, winning the amateur championship of New Zealand. Next year, same competition, defeated five men, among them Herbert Slade (The Maori).

Other not dated Australian performances are as follows :

Jim Crawford, 3 rounds ; Bill Slaven, 7 rounds ; Starlight, 9 rounds ; Arthur Cooper, 3 rounds ; Jack Murphy, 8 rounds ; Brinsmead, 2 rounds ; Jack Greentree, 3 rounds ; Dick Sandall, 4 rounds ; Conway, 2 rounds ; Professor West, 1 round ; Pablo Frank, 2 rounds ; Jack Riddle, 4 rounds ; Eager, 2 rounds.

1889, December 17. Defeated Dick Ellis, New Zealand, at Sydney, 3 rounds.

1890, February 10. Lost to Jim Hall, Sydney, 4 rounds. May 29, defeated Billy McCarthy,

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San Francisco, 9 rounds. June 28, knocked out Arthur Upham, New Orleans, 5 rounds.

1891, January 14. Knocked out Jack Dempsey, New Orleans, 13 rounds, for world's middle-weight championship. April 28, knocked out Abe Cogle, Chicago, 2 rounds. May 1, defeated Black Pearl, Minneapolis, 4 rounds. July 22, Minnesota Athletic Club, forfeited \$3000 on account of inability to bring off match with Jim Hall at St. Paul.

1892, March 2. Knocked out Peter Maher, New Orleans, 12 rounds. April 30, knocked out James Farrall, Newark, 2 rounds. May 7, knocked out Joe Godfrey, Philadelphia, 1 round. May 11, knocked out Jerry Slattery, New York, 2 rounds. September 3, knocked out Millard Zeuder, Anniston, Alabama, 1 round.

1893, March 8. Knocked out Jim Hall, New Orleans, 4 rounds. March 25, knocked out Phil Mayo, Chicago, 2 rounds. May 30, knocked out Warner, Baltimore, 1 round. September 5, defeated Jack Hickey, Newark, 3 rounds.

1894, June 17. Draw with Joe Choynski, Boston (police interfered), 5 rounds. July 28,

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knocked out Frank Kellar, Buffalo, 2 rounds.
September 26, knocked out Dan Creedon,
New Orleans, 2 rounds.

1895, April 16. Knocked out Al Allish, New
Orleans, 3 rounds.

1896, February 21. Knocked out Peter
Maher, near Langtry Texas, 1 round. De-
cember 2, lost on foul to Tom Sharkey, San
Francisco, 8 rounds.

1897, March 17. Retained the heavy-weight
championship of the world by knocking out
James J. Corbett at Carson City, 14 rounds.

1899, June 9. Lost the heavy-weight cham-
pionship of the world by defeat at the hands
of James J. Jeffries, Coney Island, 11 rounds.
October 28, knocked out Jeff Thorn, 1 round.

1900, March 27. Knocked out Jim Daly,
in Philadelphia, 1 round. April 30, knocked out
Ed Dunkhorst, 2 rounds. August 10, knocked
out Gus Ruhlin, New York, 6 rounds. August
24, knocked out Tom Sharkey, Coney Island,
2 rounds.

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